

The Alleghanian.

HOLSINGER & HUTCHINSON,

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

PUBLISHERS.

VOL. I.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1859.

NO. 11.

THE ALLEGHANIAN

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"ALLEGHANIAN" DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. SHANE, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

Welsh Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week of each month.

Unitarian Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Baptist—Rev. WM. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptist—Rev. DAVID JESKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. MIRRELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at 11½ o'clock, A. M.

Western, " " 11 " P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Western, " " 6½ " A. M.

The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsville, N. Y., arrive on Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebenburg on Mondays and Thursdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

Leave Ebenburg on Newmarket's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebenburg on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 12 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.

West—Express Train, leaves at 9:16 A. M.

" Mail Train, " 7:48 P. M.

East—Express Train, " 12:26 P. M.

" Mail Train, " 6:28 A. M.

" Fast Line, " 8:02 P. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. F. Huntington; Associates, George W. F. Jones, Jr.

Prothonotary—Joseph McDonald.

Register and Recorder—Michael Hanson.

Sheriff—Robert P. Blanton.

Deputy Sheriff—George C. K. Zahn.

County Attorney—Theophilus L. Heyer.

County Commissioners—Thomas McConnell, John Borer, Abel Lloyd.

Clerk to Commissioners—George C. K. Zahn.

Treasurer to Commissioners—John S. Rhey.

Treasurer—George J. Rodgers.

Poor House Directors—William Palmer, David O'Hare, Michael McGuire.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.

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Mercantile Appraiser—Francis Tierney.

Auditors—Rees J. Lloyd, Daniel Coughlin, Henry Hawk.

County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.

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Superintendent of Common Schools—S. B. McCormick.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkaid.

SELECT POETRY.

Love at Two Score.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

No! pretty page with dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shears,
All your aim is woman to win—
That is the way that boys begin—
Wait till you've come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;
Billing and cooing is all your cheer,
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window-panes—
Wait till you've come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass.
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know how a boy is an ass,
Under Bonnybell's window-panes—
Wait till you've come to forty year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose boards are gray,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow, and wearisome, ere
Even a month was passed away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,
Ere even yet a month was gone.

Guilian's dead—Heaven rest her bier!—
How I loved her twenty years since!
Marian's married; but I sit here,
Alive and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in Gascon wine.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

Moral Dignity of American Labor.

BY STEPHEN H. TING.

It is not a condescending effort of the high to exalt the low, nor of the peculiarly cultivated to elevate and benefit the less refined and privileged of men. But it is a mutual agreement to honor that imperishable element in man which the power of the Creator has implanted within him, and to excite and cultivate to the highest possible degree, by an honorable competition, the skill and effort of man for the improvement and elevation of his present condition of being—not for the mere attainment of the means of luxurious indulgence, but for the widest disposal of benefits upon mankind; for the melioration of the difficulties and enlargement of the advantages which the wisdom of the Creator has appended to the human station. No object beneath the effort to secure and bless the future immortality of men can be considered greater or of more importance.

The whole history of the prosperity of our country, whether general or sectional, will bear to a demonstration the assertion that not to soil or climate, nor sea nor land, nor zones nor temperatures, nor valleys nor mountains, nor rivers, are we indebted for the wonderful display of genius and skill, and industry and resulting wealth, by which our nation has been marked, but to the elevating influence of Christian education upon youthful minds, and upon the society in which they have been trained, dignifying, as the most honorable condition of man, free labor upon a free soil, making the cunning artificer a perfect equal to the eloquent orator, exalting the head that has humbly bent, through many a toilsome day, over the bench of industry, to preside with a dignity which commands united reverence upon the bench of judgment, and leading the feet that have followed through many a weary furrow in the field, to stand on a level with statesmen in the councils of the nation.

There is that, in all the influences and promises of this system of heavenly light, which is precisely adapted to excite man to stir up the gift that is in him—to make him feel that he was made to serve no master but God—to make him deem himself inferior to no undertaking to which the line of his manifest right and duty shall lead him—to give him patience in effort, coolness in judgment, skill in discernment, and determination in execution—the elements of indubitable and certain success; and whether the wilderness blossoms like the rose under his skill in agriculture, or the works of his hands seem almost to live, and speak, and act, in the beauty of his mechanical invention, Christianity honors his effort, and commands men to honor and protect the claims which it originates. It prepares a state of public mind, which smiles encouragingly upon his attainments and productions, and which confesses the honor that the whole community justly feels in having in its bosom, and cherishing as its own, individuals who have so distinguished themselves and their race.

This moral dignity of labor is purely an American scheme and thought. It has marked our country's history from the earliest periods of its colonial establishment; not more arising from the first struggling condition of its original settlers, than from the very principles with which they emigrated, and upon which they determined to erect the empire which they founded. It is, undoubtedly, true that labor was at first the necessity of their being. Hands and arms that had never toiled before were required to toil unceasingly upon the rugged shores which were selected as their home. And, in this very fact, a dignity was given to human industry which had never before been connected with it in modern times. The Winthrop, and Johnsons, and Endicotts of that day would have dignified any station in life. And when they were seen hewing out their future independence from the wilderness, and rearing their partial but honorable subsistence from a sterile and unwilling soil, never had the axe glittered with such light, nor the plow moved with such majesty before.

Within the recollection of our oldest citizens, instances were not unfrequent where our most eminent men considered it no degradation to discharge with their own hands, if occasion required it, services usually esteemed menial in the extreme—the grooming of horses and blacking boots, not only for themselves, but for their guests. No station could exalt men who would voluntarily and cheerfully do this; and boot-blackening, in their hands, rose to a dignity which, in this country, luxurious idleness, though charioted in wealth, can never command. In the spirit which was thus cultivated, an honor was affixed to labor, and in the general feeling of the people there was transmitted a moral dignity as connected with industry, even in the lowest shapes in which the needs of men required it, which should be cherished by the present generation and made perpetual in the future.

The extreme difference between this general feeling, and the whole moral condition of the Eastern continent, is a very remarkable fact. Throughout monarchical Europe, the permanent distinctions of castes and classes make labor disreputable, and give no encouragement to the general enlargement of the human mind, nor to the innate ambition of individual thought. Agriculture in the hands of a peasantry who must live and die in the rude hamlet in which they were born, whose ignorance must never be enlightened beyond the clumsy implements of culture which their forefathers have used, who must feel themselves marked and distinguished as the mere tolerated denizens of a soil which can never be their own, whose fare is of the coarsest and meanest provision which can sustain the life of man, and the average wages of whose labor is, in Austria, less than one-seventh, in France less than one-third, and even in England less than one-half of the average of agricultural wages among the freemen of America. Attempts to rise above this state, to attain a position in which man may have his honor as man, and exercise a better influence upon the destiny of his own family, or his fellow-men, far from being considered a virtue which is to be encouraged, or a right which is to be acknowledged, is a crime for which men are to be shot.

One beneficent operation of the French Revolution, in the midst of all the horrors of its spirit and its march, has been to break up this system of servile peasantry, and to multiply indefinitely the owners of the soil. But even in the agriculture of France the mildest of the past is still thickly coated upon the efforts and hopes of the present; and the minds of men cramped in infancy like the feet of Chinese women, by an unnatural and detestable pressure from without, are feeble and slow in all attempts to run into a new path, however attractive and promising.

In mechanical labor and skill the absence of all honor as an habitual attendant is in Europe equally manifest. It is known that luxury purchases often at a great price the beautiful results of handicraft and skill. It is known that individuals of boldness and energy—those irrepressible spirits whose elasticity no bounds can limit—have occasionally forced their way through all this downward pressure, and have compelled an acknowledgement of their greatness and a respect for their mighty developments of mental and moral power from those titled tribes who habitually fancy their interest to be in widening the gulf of their separation, and insulating their own condition as completely as possible. But what are these among so many? Their class are tradesmen and tradespeople still. And the habitual fact in their history is not only no encouragement to rise, but great discouragement and jealousy of their possible ability to break the shell of caste, whose accumulated scales ages have riveted upon them.

I stood the other day by the bench of an English mechanic, whose remarkable skill I was admiring, and the genius of whose youthful son in his work I was noticing, when the father took from the drawer some beautiful crayon and pencil sketches, which this working boy had made. "Ah! sir," said the father, "this is America. My boy was taught all this for nothing, at your public school. Had I stayed at home, he would have lived and died unnoticed at the bench. Here he may take a stand and be honored and encouraged." Yes, and this is but one of the multitude of illustrations which a knowledge of facts would bring out, of the encouragement which American freedom gives to innate talent.

I knew a poor English carpenter, who with the utmost difficulty gathered the needful bread for his family. His children were in the public school of a neighboring city. His eldest son, having no chance of education before, laid hold of his opportunity greedily, passed with honor through all the stages of public education, at the public expense, and on his graduating at the summit of the career of the city's provision, was immediately appointed teacher and a professor of ancient languages in one of the highest institutions, and honored the more for the industry which had made him, from neglected poverty, what he is. This is America. That boy might have lived and died a beggar in the streets of London, and no titled man have taken him by the hand to bring out, in an elevating education, the noble powers his Creator had implanted within him.

Let a man make a tour of the single State of Connecticut, with no other knowledge or observation upon this subject than that which belongs to every intelligent American, he will never forget the impression of dignity, beauty and power which will be made upon his mind. From the heading of a pin to the hammering of granite, from the polishing of the brass button to the beating of the brazen kettle, from the India-rubber suspender to the variegated and beautiful Brussels carpet, in every possible variety and shape, and beauty of machinery, upon every flowing river, and upon every little rocky rivulet, from the immense brick or stone edifice of many stories to the rude shed of pine boards in the woods, upon the margin of the hidden stream, he will see the effects of the American system, honoring, prospering, dignifying, and protecting American skill.

Human talent, industry, wisdom, and skill, under the favoring blessing of Heaven, must now go forth to sow and to gather in the harvest of the earth. We are teaching lessons of political economy which the world has never heard before. It is a noble dispensation for our country. Other nations may see us, but not with the vines or olives of Italy or France, nor with the oranges and grapes of Spain or Portugal, nor even the rich and glowing verdure, and the teeming harvests of England and Lowland Scotland. The magnificence of their time-honored architecture we have not attained. And yet there are intelligence, prosperity, dignity, independence, and self-respect, marking the laboring classes of our population, which lift us far above all envy of the grandeur and glory of European display. They see that we have a people flourishing and prosperous beyond comparison; but we have no rabble but that which their own degradation has thrown upon our shores. It is the province of America to build, not palaces, but men; to exalt, not titled stations, but general humanity; to dignify, not idle repose, but assiduous industry; to elevate, not the few, but the many; and to make herself known, not so much in individuals as in herself; spreading to the highest possible level, but striving to keep it level still, universal education, prosperity and honor.

The great element of this whole plan of effort and instruction is the moral, relative dignity of labor—an element which we are to exalt in public estimation in the highest possible degree, and transmit to our families and to our posterity, as the true greatness of the country and the world. We are to look at this enlarging elevation of the working classes of men—a fact which may be considered the main index of our age—not as a difficulty to be limited, but as an attainment in which we greatly rejoice. And if our heraldry is in the hammer, and the axe, and the awl, and the needle, we are to feel it a far higher honor than, if in their place, we could have dragons and helmets, and cross bones and skulls. Our country's greatness is to be the result, not of foreign war, but of domestic peace; not of the plunder of the weak, but of the fair and even principles of a just commerce, a thriving agriculture, and beautiful and industrial art.

Let us glory in everything that indicates this fact, as an index also of our desire for renown. This great lesson—honor to the working classes, in the proportion of their industry and merit—the world will yet completely learn. And when the great exalting, leveling system of Christianity gains its universal reign, mountains will be brought down and valleys will be filled; a highway shall be made for human prosperity and peace—for the elevation, and dignity, and security of man—over which no oppressor's foot shall pass; the poorest of the sons of Adam shall dwell unmolested and fearless beneath his own vine and fig tree; the united families of earth shall all compete to acquire and encourage the arts of peace; nation shall not rise up against nation, and men shall learn war no more.

Praise Your Wife.
Praise your wife, men; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement—it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable. For pity's sake, tell her that you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for the word of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat and winter's toil they have drudged uncomplainingly; and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their monotonous labors, that they look for and upon them as they do upon the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Homely every-day life may be beautiful by an appreciation of its very homeliness. You know that if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous. Everything that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a glow of gratitude for numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health; but they are so selfish in that feeling. They don't come out with a hearty, "Why how pleasant you make things look, wife," or, "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank the man in the full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in the concert room; in short, they thank everybody and everything out of doors, because it is the custom; and they come home, tip the chairs back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire has got down; or, if everything is just right, shut their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but never say to her, "I thank you."

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility toward those common articles of housekeeping, your wives; if you gave the one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would stop your badinage about who you are going to have when number one is dead, (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep, sometimes;) if you would cease to speak of their faults, however bantering, before others, fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your cold so-so-ish affection. Praise your wife, then, for all good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own.

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang phrases. The longer they live, the more difficult the acquisition of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is, very properly, doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his tastes from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory—avoiding at the same time the pedantic precision and bombast, which show rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

FOUR THINGS THAT COME NOT BACK.—the broken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and neglected opportunity.

Color and Dress.
You ought never to buy an article because you can afford it. The question is, whether it is suitable to your position and habits, and the rest of your wardrobe. There are certain clothes that require a carriage to be worn in, and are quite unfit for walking in the streets. Above all, do not buy wearing apparel because it is mislabeled cheap. There is no such thing; cheap clothes are dear to wear. The article is unsaleable because it is either ugly, vulgar, or entirely out of date. One reason why you see colors ill-arranged is, that the different articles are purchased each for its own imagined virtues, and without any thought of what it is to be worn with. Women, while shopping, buy what pleases the eye on the counter, forgetting what they have got at home. That parrot is pretty, but it will kill by its color one dress in the buyer's wardrobe, and be unsuitable for all others. An enormous sum of money is spent yearly upon women's dress; yet how seldom a dress is so arranged as to give the beholder any pleasure! To be magnificently dressed certainly costs money; but to be dressed with taste is not expensive. It requires good sense, knowledge, refinement. We have seen foolish gowns, arrogant gowns. Women are too often tempted to imitate the dress of each other, without considering "the difference of climate and complexion." The colors which go best together are green with violet; gold color with dark crimson or lilac; pale blue with scarlet; pink with black or white; and gray with scarlet or pink. A cold color generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Gray and pale blue, for instance, do not combine well, both being cold colors.—*Dickens's "All the Year Round."*

TRUE ORIGIN OF THE "S" MARK.—The final solution to this much conjectured subject has been furnished by a correspondent of some paper, thus:—"My great grandfather, who was a genuine Knickerbocker Dutchman, and kept a grocery and lager beer saloon on the corner of Maiden Lane and Pearl street, during the reign of his Majesty George III, became a little more hilarious than was his wont, on a certain day after a brisk business, and while in this happy mood undertook to figure up the amount of his receipts. His eyesight was not over clear at early morn, and of course was no better after the imbibition of the untold number of glasses a Dutchman can stow away. Thus, with lager-bedimmed eyes, an unsteady hand, and a short piece of tallow candle for a luminary, my ancient progenitor commenced his task. In carrying out the amount of one patron's account for lager, which was 8 shillings, he got the figure 8 all plain enough, but the shilling mark he failed to put in the right place—marking it down through the figure 8. He tried a second time, and with but little better success, as it also ran partially through the 8. 'Vell, vell,' said he, 'eight shillings ish a tollar, and a tollar ish eight shillings—zo I lets him shitan', and shuts mine shore, ash I am dired and shleepy mit mine eyes.'

THE MORROW.—You, upon whom some great and sudden calamity has fallen, have you forgotten the morrow? When sweet sleep has been to your aid, and lifted the weight from your heart, and you have dreamt that your agony was a dream, and have wakened to reality. Oh! the morrow! When the bright day has broken, and the birds are singing gaily, and happy faces are passing you. When some unconscious friend has seized your hand, and mocked you with a joyous greeting. Oh! the morrow!—When you rise to see the empty chair—to miss the accustomed face—to seek the idol you worshipped, and find it broken. When you must act for an altered end, with the ashes of a withered hope clogging every step, and embittering every thought. Oh! the morrow—the morrow!—*Funblanque.*

COOL IMPUDENCE.—"Will you oblige me with a light, sir?"
"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure," said the stranger, knocking off the ashes with his little finger, and presenting the red of his cigar with a graceful bow. Smith commences fumbling in his coat pocket, takes out his handkerchief, shakes it, feels in his vest pocket with a most desperate energy, and looks blank.

"Well, I do declare, I haven't got one, as sure as the world. Have you another you could spare?"
"Certainly," says the stranger, with a smile, "and I beg you will accept it." There is puffing, then, till the fresh cigar ignites, when they separate with a suave bow. Smith observes—
"There! didn't I tell you I would get it? That's the way to get along in this world. Nothing like cool, polite impudence."

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